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For the Hartford Herald.
THE LAST ROSE.
BY ASPIRANT.

We can not regret the demise of the
rose in question, since dying she be-
queathed the odor of her pure soul to the
sweet "Aspirant." The last two lines of
this touching little poem stir a sleeping
echo in our own heart, which is still ring-
ing in wistful paths up and down its cor-
ridors.—En.

The roses have had their way,
I saw the last one to-day,
And I thought, in my inmost heart,
'Twas a very odd thing to part
With the pride of all Nature's array,
Of beautiful flowers both grave and gay.
I stooped and kissed the too delicate flower,
With a sigh and a tear, that 'twas not in
my power
To keep it longer, when it would away,
And I could only beseeching say,
Come back again in early spring,
And a host of others with you bring.
Oh! that we could thus recall
The human flowers, that daily fall,
Back to our poor aching hearts,
So pierced by sorrow's darts,
And know they'd hear our call,
And return with the roses once and all.
Then would the smile to our lips return,
Light and warmth to our eyes so stern,
Joy too, would in our footsteps ring,
And love fill our hearts for every thing;
The sun would shine in every sky
Forever, if they'd come back, who die;

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,
Author of the "Comte de Monte-Cristo,"
"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
Years After," "Brigandage,"
"The Son of Athos," "The Lion in
Valiere," "The Iron
Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the following evening, as we have
said, Rosa returned with the Bible of
Cornelius De Witte.
Then began between the master and
the pupil one of those charming scenes,
which are the delight of the novelist who
has to describe them.

The grated window, the only opening
through which the two lovers were able
to communicate, was too high for con-
veniently reading a book, although it had
been quite convenient for them to read
each other's faces.

Rosa, therefore had to press the open
book against the grating edgewise, hold-
ing above it, in her right hand the lamp,
but Cornelius hit upon the lucky idea of
fixing it to the bars, so as to afford her a
little rest. Rosa was then enabled to fol-
low with her finger the letters and syl-
lables, which she was to spell for Cornelius,
who with a straw pointed out the letters
to his attentive pupil, through the holes
of the grating.

The light of the lamp illuminated the
rich complexion of Rosa, her blue liquid
eyes, and her golden hair under the head-
dress of gold brocade; with her finger
held up, and showing in the blood, as it
flowed downwards in the veins, that pale
pink hue which shines before the light,
owing to the living transparency of the
flesh tint.

Rosa's intellect rapidly developed itself
under the animating influence of Corneli-
us, and when the difficulties seemed too
arduous, the sympathy of two loving
hearts seemed to smooth them away.

And Rosa, after having returned to her
room, repeated in her solitude the reading
lessons, but, at the same time, recalled all
the delight which she had felt whilst re-
ceiving them.

One evening she came half an hour
later than usual. This was too extraor-
dinary an instance not to call forth, at
once, Cornelius' inquiries after its cause.
"Oh! do not be angry with me," she
said, "it is not my fault. My father has
renewed an acquaintance with an old
crazy who used to visit him at the Hague,
and to ask him to let him see the prison.
He is a good sort of fellow, fond of his
bottle, tells funny stories, and moreover is
very free with his money, so as always to
be ready to stand a treat."

"You don't know anything further of
him?" asked Cornelius, surprised.
"No," she answered, "it's only for
about a fortnight that my father has taken
such a fancy to this friend who is so
assiduous in visiting him."

"Ah, so," said Cornelius, shaking his
head uneasily, as every new incident
seemed to him to forebode some catastro-
phe, "very like some spy, one of those
who are sent into jails to watch both
prisoners and keepers."

"I don't believe that," said Rosa,
smiling, "if that worthy person is spying
after any one, it is certainly not my
father."

"After whom, then?"
"Me, for instance."

"Why not?" said Rosa, smiling.
"Ah, that's true," Cornelius observed
with a sigh. "You will not always have
suits in vain, this man may become
your husband."

"I don't say anything to the con-
trary."
"What cause have you to entertain
such a happy prospect?"
"Rather say this fear, Mynheer Corneli-
us."

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 24, 1875.

NO. 47.

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"Thank you, Rosa, you are right; well,
I will say, then, this fear?"
"I have only this reason—"
"Tell me, I am anxious to hear."
"This man, came several times before
to the Buitenhof, at the Hague. I re-
member now, it was just about the time
when you were confined there. When I
left, he left too, when I came here, he
came after me. At the Hague his pretext
was that he wanted to see you."

"See me?"
"Yes, it must have undoubtedly been
only a pretext; for now, when he could
plead the same reason, as you are my
father's prisoner again, he does not care
any longer for you; quite the contrary, I
heard him say to my father only yester-
day that he did not know you."

"Go on, Rosa, pray do, that I may
guess who that man is, and what he
wants."

"Are you quite sure, Mynheer Corneli-
us, that none of your friends can inter-
est himself for you?"

"I have no friends, Rosa, I have only
my old nurse, whom you know, and who
knows you. Alas! poor Sue, she would
come herself and use no roundabout
ways. She would at once say to your
father or to you, 'My good sir, or my
good miss, my child is here, see how
grieved I am, let me see him only for one
hour and I'll pray for you as long as I
live.' No, no," continued Cornelius,
"With the exception of my poor old Sue,
I have no friends in this world."

"Then I come back to what I thought
before, and the more so as last evening
at sunset, whilst I was arranging the
border where I am to plant your bulb, I
saw a shadow gliding between the elder
trees and the aspens. I did not appear to
see him, but it was this man. He con-
cealed himself and saw me digging the
ground, and certainly it was me, whom he
followed, and me, whom he was spying
after. I could not move my rake, or
touch one atom of soil, without his no-
ticing it."

"Oh! yes, yes, he is in love with you,"
said Cornelius. "Is he young? Is he
handsome?"

Saying this he looked anxiously at
Rosa, eagerly waiting for her answer.

"Young? handsome?" cried Rosa,
bursting into a laugh. "He is hideous to
look at; crooked, nearly fifty years of age,
and never dares to look me in the face,
or to speak, except in an under tone."

"And his name?"
"Jacob Giesels."

"I don't know him."
"Then you see that, at all events, he
does not come after you."

"At any rate, if he loves you, Rosa,
which is very likely, as to see you is to
love you, at least you don't love him."

"To be sure, I don't."
"Then you wish me to keep my mind
easy?"

"I should certainly ask you to do so."
"Well, then, now as you begin to know
how to read, you will read all that I
write to you of the pangs of jealousy and
of absence, won't you, Rosa?"

"I shall read it, if you write with good
big letters."

Then as the turn which the conversa-
tion took began to make Rosa uneasy,
she asked—

"By-the-by, how is your tulip going
on?"

"Oh, Rosa, only imagine my joy; this
morning I looked at it in the sun, and
after having moved the soil aside which
covers the bulb, I saw the first sprouting
of the leaves. This small germ has
caused me a much greater emotion than
the order of His Highness, which turned
aside the sword, already raised, at the
Buitenhof."

"You hope, then," said Rosa smiling.
"Yes, yes, I hope."

"And I, in my turn, when shall I plant
my bulb?"

"Oh, the first favorable day, I will tell
you, but whatever you do, let nobody help
you, and don't confide your secret to any
one in the world; do you see, a connois-
seur, by merely looking at the bulb,
would be able to distinguish its value;
and so, my dearest Rosa, be careful in
looking up the third sucker which re-
mains to you."

"It is still wrapped up in the same pa-
per in which you put it, and just as you
gave it me. I have laid it at the bottom
of my chest under my point lace, which
keeps it dry, without pressing upon it.
But good night, my poor captive gentle-
man."

"How? already?"
"It must be, it must be."

"Coming so late and going so soon."
"My father might grow impatient not
seeing me return, and that precious lover
might suspect a rival."

Here she listened uneasily.
"What is it?" asked Van Baerle.
"I thought I heard something."

"What, then?"
"Something like a step, creaking on the
staircase."

"Surely," said the prisoner, "that can-
not be Master Gryphus, he is always
heard at a distance."

"No, it is not my father, I am quite
sure, but—"
"But?"

"But it might be Mynheer Jacobus."
Rosa rushed toward the staircase, and
a door was really heard rapidly to close

before the young damsel had got down
the first ten steps.
Cornelius was very uneasy about it, but
it was, after all, only a prelude to greater
anxieties.

The following days passed without any
remarkable incident. Gryphus made his
three visits, and discovered nothing. He
never came at the same hours, as he
hoped thus to discover the secrets of the
prisoner. Van Baerle, therefore, had de-
vised a contrivance, a sort of pulley, by
means of which he was able to lower or
to raise his jug below the ledge of tiles
and stone before his window. The strings
by which this was effected, he had found
means to cover with that moss which
generally grows on tiles, or in the cran-
nies of the wall.

Gryphus suspected nothing, and the de-
vice succeeded for eight days. One morn-
ing, however, when Cornelius, absorbed
in the contemplation of his bulb, from
which a germ of vegetation was already
peeping forth, had not heard old Gryphus
coming up stairs, as a gale of wind was
blowing which shook the whole tower, the
door suddenly opened.

Gryphus, perceiving an unknown and
consequently a forbidden object in the
hands of his prisoner, pounced upon it,
with the same rapidity as the hawk on its
prey.

As his luck would have it, his coarse,
hard hand, the same which he had
broken, and which Cornelius Van Baerle
had set so well, grasped at once in the
midst of the jug on the spot where the
bulb was lying on the soil.

"What have you got here?" he roared.
"Ah! have I caught you?" and with this
he grabbed in the soil.

"If nothing, nothing," cried Cornelius,
trembling.

"Ah! have I caught you? a jug, and
earth in it, there is some criminal secret
at the bottom of all this."

"Oh, my good master Gryphus," said
Van Baerle, imploringly, and anxious,
like the partridge robbed of her young by
the rasper.

In fact, Gryphus was beginning to dig
the soil with his crooked fingers.

"Take care, sir, take care," said Corneli-
us, growing quite pale.

"Care of what! sounds! of what?"
roared the jailer.

"Take care, I say, you will crush it,
Master Gryphus!"

And with a rapid and almost frantic
movement he snatched the jug from the
hands of Gryphus, and hid it like a treas-
ure under his arm.

But Gryphus, obstinate, like an old man,
and more and more convinced that he was
discovering here a conspiracy against the
Prince of Orange, rushed up to his pris-
oner, raising his stick; seeing, however, the
impossible resolution of the captive to
protect his flower-pot, he was convinced
that Cornelius trembled much less for his
head than for his jug.

He, therefore, tried to wrest it from
him by force.

"Halloa!" said the jailer, furious,
"here you see, you are rebelling."
"Leave me my tulip," cried Van Baerle.

"Ah, yes, tulip," replied the old man,
"we know well the shifts of prisoners."

"But I vow to you—"
"Let go," repeated Gryphus, stamping
his foot, let go or I shall call the guard."

"Call whoever you like, but you shall
not have this flower except with my life."

Gryphus, exasperated, plunged his finger
a second time into the soil, and now he
drew out the bulb, which certainly
looked quite black; and whilst Van Baerle
quite happy to have saved the vessel, did
not suspect that the adversary had pos-
sessed himself of its precious contents,
Gryphus hurled the softened bulb with
all his force on the flags, where, almost
instantly after, it was crushed to atoms
under his heavy shoe.

Van Baerle saw the work of destruction,
got a glimpse of the juicy remains of his
darling bulb, and, guessing the cause of
the furious joy of Gryphus, uttered a cry
of agony, which would have melted the
heart even of that ruthless jailer, who
some years before killed Pellissou's
spider.

The idea of striking down this spiteful
bulb passed like lightning through the
brain of the tulip-fancier. The blood
rushed to his brow, and seemed like fire
in his eyes, which blinded him; and he
raised in his two hands the heavy jug
with all the now useless earth which re-
mained in it. One instant more, and he
would have flung it on the bald head of
old Gryphus.

But a cry stopped him; a cry of agony,
uttered by poor Rosa, who, trembling and
pale, with her arms raised to heaven,
made her appearance behind the grated
window, and thus interposed between her
father and her friend.

Gryphus then understood the danger
with which he had been threatened, and
he broke out in a volley of the most ter-
rible abuse.

"Indeed," said Cornelius to him, "you
must be a very mean and spiteful fellow,
to rob a poor prisoner of his only consol-
ation, a tulip bulb."

"For shame, my father," Rosa chimed
in, "it is indeed a crime you have com-
mitted here."

"Ah, is that you my little chatterbox?"
the old man cried, boiling with rage and
turning towards her, "don't you meddle
with what don't concern you, but go down
as quickly as possible."

"Unfortunate me," continued Corneli-
us, overwhelmed with grief.
"After all, it is but a tulip," Gryphus
resumed, as he began to be a little
ashamed of himself. "You may have as
many tulips as you like, I have three hun-
dred of them in my loft."

"To the devil with your tulips!" cried
Cornelius; "you are worthy of each other:
had I a hundred thousand millions of
them, I would gladly give them for the
one you have just destroyed!"

"Ah! so," Gryphus said, in a tone of
triumph; "now there we have it. It was
not your tulip you cared for. There was
in that false bulb some witchcraft, per-
haps some means of correspondence with
conspirators against His Highness who
has granted you your life. I always said
they were wrong in not cutting your head
off."

"Father, father!" cried Rosa.
"Yes, yes! it is better as it is now," re-
peated Gryphus, growing warm; "I have
destroyed it, and I'll do the same again,
as often as you repeat the trick. Didn't
I tell you my fine fellow, that I would
make your life a hard one?"

"A curse on you!" Cornelius exclaimed,
quite beside himself with despair, as he
gathered, with his trembling fingers,
the remnants of that bulb on which he
had rested so many joys and so many
hopes.

"We shall plant the other to-morrow,
my dear Mynheer Cornelius," said Rosa,
in a low voice, who understood the in-
tense grief of the unfortunate tulip-fan-
cier, and who, with the pure sacred love
of her innocent heart, poured these kind
words like a drop of balm, on the
bleeding wounds of Cornelius.

(Continued next week.)

Deferred Communications.

(For the Hartford Herald)
AMBITION.

BY H—

I am aware that my theme is an old
one, almost worn threadbare by the her-
oitic effort of aspiring school boys, and
sentimental school girls, who have writ-
ten in the most superlative style of the
giddy "heights of fame," and the historic
achievements of Napoleon, and the world
conquering success of Alexander. It is
an old, old story, as familiar as A B C to
the old who read. The whole list of her-
oes, by "blood and field," has been sung
in verse and embalmed in story, and it is
not my intention to add another to the
would-be detractors or enthusiastic ad-
mirers of that much worn subject, ambi-
tion, himself, said: "There is nothing new
under the sun," and has not Wendell
Phillips, the apostle of freedom and free
thought, decanted eloquently on the value
and beauty of the "Lost Arts," show-
ing conclusively that all our vaunted
progress is nothing more than small im-
provements on old discoveries. Honor
and fame to the undaunted men who
have hewn our paths through the track-
less wilds of savage countries, who have
sailed over stormy and unknown seas,
and founded new empires. They have estab-
lished a claim on the gratitude of the
world, and their names will ever be held
in reverence and grateful esteem. I want
to bespeak tolerance for that ambition
which impels one to live a pure, true and
noble life. That ambition which helps a
man to be himself and not ape another.
That ambition, which would take the five
talents given, and mold them into ten.
That ambition which virtue practices,
goodness lives and God loves. How
often are our ambitions unworthy and de-
basing. How poor and little that feeling
which prompts us to outshine our neigh-
bors in silk and satin and sumptuous sur-
roundings, which plumes itself on money
and money's worth, and flaunts in the
face of superior talent and nobler lives,
its vulgar shoddy self. Howard, the
philanthropist, was ambitious, not for
himself, but for suffering humanity. He
pursued his course with patient love and
heroic endurance, befriending the friend-
less, feeding the starving, helping the
helpless, until he accomplished much
good, which as long as time endures will
stamp him one of the noblest benefactors
of his race. The ambition of Florence
Nightingale was of a kindred nature to
that of Howard. In fevers and pestilence
and noxious disease, she wended her way
"scattering charities that soothe and heal
and bless at the feet of man like flowers."
How many have lived and died in pur-
suit of the noblest aims! buoyed up by
the grandest ambition that could sustain
and strengthen their effort! How many
are still living, exerting all their time and
strength in the cause and service of hu-
manity. The same heroic, God-like
feeling that inspired the time-honored
benefactors of mankind is still inspiring,
sustaining and propelling the present
generation of noble-hearted men. This
would be a benighted world without ambi-
tion. If all men were content to live
and die without great attainments, hu-

man nature would soon sink to its lowest
debasement. Then cherish that ambi-
tion that would make the most of life
and its opportunities. Nourish that ambi-
tion that would develop good and
crush out evil. In short, have an ambi-
tion to leave the world better than you
found it.

LETTER FROM CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, KY., NOV. 15.

EDITOR HERALD:—News in this
part of the moral vineyard is scarce, and
not comatable by an one unless he search-
es closer for that article than your hum-
ble correspondent ever did.

Business in our town, our merchants
say, is quite good, though, in spite of the
strong remonstrances of the farmer's
movement as it is popularly called, they
have, a large majority of them, much to
the regret of the sellers, returned to the
credit system. So, from this, the busi-
ness which is being done is principally on
a credit.

There was quite a crowd of people in
town on Saturday last, some of whom in
the evening doubled Cape Horn, came
around the point smoking like a locomot-
ive, swearing like the army in Flanders,
their gait reminded one of that of a puny
calf sick with the blind staggers. Their
speech was very much like that of one hears
in some of our charitable institutions
designated as Lunatic Asylums. These
things do not occur here often, but unfor-
tunately for this and every other place
where the "critter" is sold, will be more
or less. It's society of men or women
could, by moral suasion, or otherwise, rid
the land of this our greatest evil would
immortalize themselves, and be the great-
est benefactors to the race since the Christian
era began.

Our townsman, Mr. T. P. Paxton, has
just started his new wheat mill, under
the superintendence of that prince of mil-
lers, Dan. Wise, where all who may come
can get their wheat manufactured into
first grade flour promptly, and we think
honestly.

Prof. Weiborn's school here is progress-
ing finely, with good prospects of being
a decided success. The Professor is a
young man, and has many of the ele-
ments which, by practice, will make him
a first class instructor. He is faithful,
industrious and sober as a sage, but is
short of patience.

The health of our neighborhood and
town is about as good as usual, conse-
quently quite as dull with a downward
tendency.

Our neighboring cities of Louisville and
Evansville seem to be still alive to busi-
ness, they having sent in the last week
something less than forty thousand drum-
mers to this place, all good, jolly, well-
fed fellows.

The honest yeomanry of this vicinity
are not well pleased with the action of
our County Court, since at the very time
they thought we would all stand firm
under our heavy load of taxes, the court
levied ten thousand dollars additional.
This is more than any good granger can
bear, without rebelling some of his origi-
nal profanity used to denounce such acts
of county extravagance as this expense.

LETTER FROM CANYVILLE.

CANYVILLE, KY., NOV. 15.

EDITOR HERALD:—Hard times, dullness
of business, and as Ali says, scarcity of
personalities will cause our letter to be
unusually short this week, notwithstanding
we will write anyhow, that your
readers may know that neither Cany-
ville or ourselves have received any serious
damages by the vast amount of slat-
ing poor Ali Ben Hamad has seen proper
to throw at us in the last issue of the
HERALD. Yes we pity that poor man, he
knows not what to do that people may
know such a being is actually in existence
Mr. Editor, give him at least a square in
your paper, and set up his name in Great
Primer or two line English type, that
the world may know such a creature is
really in existence, among the hills of
Grayson county, and the next time he
meets you he will congratulate you with
his face bearing the expression of pump-
kin pie.

Mrs. Lullie Gray, of this place, went to
Livermore, her former home Tuesday 9th
inst., and returned home last Saturday
accompanied by her mother, Mrs.—
Hackett, who is now spending a few days
at the residence of her son-in-law, W. T.
Gary of this place.

Prof. G. C. Westerfield gave a lecture
on penmanship in this town last Satur-
day night, but owing to the inclemency of
the weather the audience was small.

Dr. P. O. Brandon returned his family
to Louisville Thursday where he will at-
tend medical lectures this winter.

The first crop of new tobacco was de-
livered at the warehouse of Porter and
Eskridge in this place last week.

J. C. Milligan has posted notices to the
effect that he will apply to the county
court of Grayson county on the fourth
Monday of this month for a license to
keep a tavern in this place with the
privilege of retailing "King kill all."
Note this "Nominal" perhaps you can
make a new bar bill.

LETTER FROM NO. EIGHT.

No. EIGHT, Ohio Co., Ky., Nov. 14.

EDITOR HERALD:—Nothing having oc-
curred around No. 8 worthy of note for
some time, I concluded to take a journey
and look for an item for the HERALD.

Accordingly, on the 9th I took my way
to Hamilton, where the Good Templars
met in convention on the 9th and 10th
instant, where we were met by the dele-
gates from the different lodges in the
county, among whom we recognized
many of our friends. Among the many
with whom we were pleased to exchange
the greetings of friendship, were the
Hamiltons of No. 14, Newtons of 410,
and our old friend and kinsman, Peter
Ashby, of Cefalvo, who is one of the vet-
erans of Temperance in Ohio county.

We will not attempt, however, to give
a summary of the proceedings, as that has
been done doubtless ere this, by abler
pens than mine, but we will say this, that
for kindness and hospitality, the people
of Hamilton and vicinity are surpassed
by none in the State. We will long re-
member the kindness of Mr. Joshua
Reader and family with whom we spent
the evening and night, or at least that
part of it which remained after our visit
to Rock of Safety Lodge.

The people were entertained at night
by Kentucky's orator and popular tem-
perance lecturer, Geo. W. Bain, who ex-
posed the evils of intemperance in all their
hideous color, and compared with them
the blessings to be derived from total ab-
stinence. He is a forcible speaker, and
one calculated to carry terror into the
hearts of his adversaries. We hope he
will soon favor No. 8 with a lecture. He
is doing a noble work for the cause in our
State, and may he live long to hold aloft
the standard of total abstinence, and
lead on the followers of temperance
against the minions of King Alcohol.

FROM SULPHUR SPRINGS.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Ky., Nov. 13.

EDITOR HERALD:—In our communica-
tion this week we have no sensational news to
chronicle, everything seems to move on
in a commonplace way, everybody attend-
ing to their own business.

Many of our citizens have been attend-
ing Circuit court as witnesses, much to
their discomfort, and we are glad that the
Commonwealth failed to make out a case
against some of our citizens.

We had the pleasure of attending a
ball at Mrs. Fitzhugh's Thursday night,
given in honor of Miss Amanda Renfrow,
one of Spring Lick's fairest ladies, who is
visiting her brothers

THE HERALD.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
\$2 Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is
paid at this office.
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,
invariably in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from
any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers
with the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of saloons, grocers and dealers in
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.
All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Hayslett, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Mullen, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderford, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Pittsford, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Caneys District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 3, June 17, September 4, December
18. E. F. Telford, Justice, held March 18, June
4, September 18, December 4.
Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 17, September 2,
December 16. D. J. Wilson, Justice, held
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Rader,
Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 20,
December 15. T. S. Bonnett, Justice, held
March 16, June 28, September 13, December
28.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11,
December 27. S. Woodruff, Justice, held March
24, June 10, September 25, December 11.
Fairville District, No. 5.—O. W. R. Cobb,
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-
ber 22. J. L. Barton, Justice, held March 29,
June 7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—S. S. McElroy, March
9, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.
Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 8, September
23, December 9.
Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,
Justice, held March 14, June 25, September 14, De-
cember 28. A. D. Bennett, Justice, held March 25,
June 11, September 27, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,
Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29,
December 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March
17, June 29, September 17, December 31.
Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, held March 17, June 21, September 13, De-
cember 28. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26,
June 12, September 23, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G.
Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, Septem-
ber 21, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice,
held March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.
Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins,
Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 19, De-
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23,
June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Carmel.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we are
under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

Special Notice

We have erased from our subscrip-
tion list the names of all subscribers
whose time has expired. We hope
they will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now
until the 1st of January next to any
address for 25 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with
name, post-office address, county and
State, legibly written.
Jno. P. BARRETT & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Hartford, Ky.

A Splendid Investment.

We will send the Farmers' Home
Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and THE
HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per
year, to the same address for the small
sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the
money and get both papers.

We are now prepared to furnish of-
ficers with all kinds of blanks, and at
prices as low as you can buy them in
the cities.

Look out for the Red Mark.

Subscribers who see a red mark
on the margin of their paper near
their names may know that their
time has expired. We hope all such
will renew at once.

Hon. W. N. Sweeney, of Owensbo-
ro, arrived in town Sunday, and has
been spending the week in attending
court.

Fine crops of corn have been raised
in this county, especially on the up-
lands, and is selling at 40 cts per bush-
el delivered.

We learn that the hogs in this
county will be scarce this season than
they have been for several seasons past.

From some cause or other we have
failed to receive the Owensboro Exam-
iner this week. What is the matter,
gentlemen? Is it carelessness on the
part of the mail agents on the road, or
did you fail to mail us one?

Mr. Z. Wayne Griffin, who has for
several days been visiting relatives in
Louisville and Elizabethtown, returned
home Monday, leaving his family in
Elizabethtown, where they will sojourn
for a short time.

Yesterday morning we were honored
by a call from Mr. Geo. H. Cox, of
the Owensboro Monitor. Mr. Cox ar-
rived in this city Monday evening, and
will remain until Friday. For a
whole-souled, jolly, good fellow, we
don't think the world can beat George.

Mr. D. H. French, formerly of this
place, but now of Lagrange, Ky., has
been in attendance at court this and
part of last week. Mr. French ex-
presses himself well pleased with his
new home. The many friends of Mrs.
French will be glad to learn that she
is improving in health.

We direct your attention to J. W.
Sutton's advertisement, which appears
in today's paper. Mr. Sutton repre-
sents the Remington Sewing Machine
Co., of Ilion N. Y. He is one of the
best sewing machine agents in Ky,
and is furnishing machines lower than
ever before offered in this county.
Those needing machines should give
him a call.

Terrible Storm at Sea.
And there will be a terrible storm
around here if those who owe me do
not come up and pay me at once. I
cannot furnish the sick with medicine
free, as I have to pay cash for all
drugs. I will be compelled to sue on
all my notes and accounts if not paid
at once.
Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.

Nov. 24th, 1875.

Dissolution.
The firm of Phipps & Addington
has been dissolved, and all persons in-
debted to them are requested to settle
up without delay. By so doing they
will save cost and trouble.

Thou shalt not be a brief hour and
all is over, for thou art wanted for oth-
er than the ornamental. Thy proud
step, and vainly adjusted plumage no
more will be the delight and the envy
of the barn yard, for a royal feast shall
be thine, and thy whole body shall be
filled with the dainties of the land, and
thou shalt be placed on the table, the
admiration of connoisseurs and the
center of attraction, and thou shalt
tickle the palate of the epicure and fill
his stomach with delight, and thy wives
and numerous progeny shall mourn thy
departure, and the 25th of November
shall come to thee no more forever.

Notice.

The firm of Ford & Wells is this
day dissolved by mutual consent. All
persons indebted to them or having
claims against them are earnestly re-
quested to come forward and settle at
once, as their business must be settled
up as soon as possible. Persons in-
debted to them will save cost by com-
ing forward at once and heeding this
notice, as they mean business.
Nov. 6, 1875.

Having bought Mr. Wells' interest
in the drug business of the firm of
Ford & Wells, I will continue the
business at the old stand, where will
be found constantly on hand all goods
usually kept in a first-class drug store,
such as pure drugs, medicines, glass,
paints, oils, lamps, dye-stuffs, school
books, stationery, &c. Pure wines
and liquors for medicinal purposes. I
am confident that I can offer induc-
ements to the trade, for cash. All or-
ders will be promptly filled. Thank-
ing you for past favors, asking a lib-
eral share of your patronage in future,
I remain yours,
J. W. FORD.

To all Whom it may Concern

My Dear Friends:
I have been indulgent for four
years—I ask you now to come forward
and settle your accounts, I cannot sup-
ply medicines for the sick, furnish my
family with the necessities of life, and
pay my debts without money. Hoping
you will answer my first and last
call, I remain,
Yours,
T. J. PFEIFFER.

The Best and Cheapest

Clothing in the city sold at J.
Winter & Co., cor. 3d and Market,
Louisville. Prices reduced and it will
pay you to visit this mammoth estab-
lishment.

Last Week the trial of Anthony Mc-
Henry (col.) came up, but he confessed
judgment, and was sentenced for but
one year in the penitentiary. His
charge was that of grand larceny.

The Monitor says that hogs are so
scarce in that county that a single
grunt is worth 10 cents. Well, if the
Monitor man is that fond of noise, we
would like to supply him with a few
thousand cures—all good barkers, and
we won't charge him 10 cents, either.

For a Fashionable Suit.
Made to order, we cheerfully re-
commend the Merchant Tailoring es-
tablishment of J. Winter & Co., cor.
3d and Market, Louisville. Prices
moderate, always a good fit, and the
largest variety to select from.

The Leach woman, who has been
confined in the jail at this place for
some time, stood her trial last Thurs-
day, and the jury sentenced her to
five hours' imprisonment. She used
to keep, it is said, a bawdy house near
Rockport. There is no mistake about
her being a bad woman, and from
what we can learn, has been the ruin
of two or three young ladies in that vi-
cinity. We think her sentence was a
very light one, and don't know but
what five years in the penitentiary
would have been nearer justice to her.

Convictions.

J. K. Oglesby, for cutting and
wounding his stepson, fined \$50.
Ed. Silcox, horse-stealing, sent to
the penitentiary for two years.

John A. McHenry, for stealing a
beef, was sent up for one year, and
Amos Gunn, same charge, was sent
up for two years. Both colored.

Jeff Allen, who broke jail last week,
returned and plead guilty to petty
larceny, and was sentenced to work on
the streets of Hartford for one month.

Stephen Ashby, for giving liquor to
a minor, fined \$50.

Stephen Ashby and Sam Bell, for
hiring a witness to leave court, fined
\$10 each.

Some time ago we made mention of
Amos Gunn, of African descent, killing
a beef which did not belong to him.
The killing was done in the woods a
short distance below town, and the
beef was transferred to his house,
where it was found when he was ar-
rested by the town marshal. Gunn
was up on trial one day last week. He
was found guilty, and his sentence
was a term of two years in the peni-
tentiary. It was a clear case of theft,
and we regard the sentence as light as
he deserves.

The other night a married man
chanced to step in the Hartford House
while the dancing was going on, and
while he was deeply interested in
watching the gay ones go tripping
across the floor, his wife came down in
town in search of him. He was look-
ing over our shoulder at the crowd
when his better-half walked up behind
him, and as she reached for his collar
he yelled out: "Oh! my darling! I
forgot the baby had the croup, and
was needing the medicine." But as
he reached the door she placed a No. 4
against him with the remark, "I
reckon you haven't forgot the baby and
the croup, now, have you?" And the
last account we had from them, the
wife was sobbing bitterly to think her
husband was so absent-minded.

A Young Man Jailed for Drunken

and Disorderly Conduct in the

Court House.

It was a sad sight. It occurred in
court last week. A young man, be-
fuddled with drink, came into the
court room during the sitting of court,
and kept disturbing the order and
quiet of affairs by his drunken slang.
The sheriff ordered him to keep quiet,
the clerk told him to leave the court
house, and his friends tried to prevail
on him to behave, but all to no pur-
pose. The Judge bore it as long as he
well could, when he committed him to
prison for ten hours. Oh, what a sad
sight to see! A young man of fine
address, bright intellect, and one
who might be an ornament to society,
marched to jail for drunkenness and
disorderly conduct. Let this be a les-
son to you, young man, that will burn
itself into your heart, and resolve now
that the demon which has caused you
to forsake honor and self respect, and
brought disgrace upon you, and unat-
trable anguish to those who have
reared you from infancy, the demon
whisky, shall never again pass your
lips. Do this, and be a man. All is
not lost; it is not too late to reform;
but follow this course a little longer,
and you may pass the point whence you
can retrace your steps. On account of
the high esteem we have always enter-
tained for the family, we withhold the
name.

The Ohio County Jail.

The work on the new jail is being
rapidly pushed forward, and Mr. Ben-
nett, the contractor, thinks the brick
work will be completed to-day. A
good deal of the iron has already been
received—14,000 pounds, we believe;
which leaves 61,000 pounds yet to
come. The iron casing for some of
the windows have been set, and the
new building begins to present a neat
appearance already. The building
will be warmed by heated air, and no
prisoner will need fire in his room.
The jail will contain eight cells, with
two bunks in each cell, which will en-
able the jailer to comfortably keep six-
teen prisoners. These cells will be
lined with boiler-iron, and will be
sufficiently strong to hold anyone. To
say the least of it, Mr. Bennett is a
first-class mechanic, and is building a
jail which will be an ornament to the
town and a credit to the county.

**Allen Evades the Jailor, but Re-
turns to his Quarters Again.**

On Monday night of last week Jeff
Allen succeeded in escaping from the
jailer of this place, but returned to his
quarters the following Wednesday.
He made his escape while carrying a
bucket of slop from the debtor's room
to the jail garden. As he, and the
jailer passed out of the house, the can-
dle which the jailer carried was extin-
guished by a blast of wind, and while
Mr. Wise stepped into a room nearby
to light it again, Allen made his es-
cape. Wise soon had men on the
look-out for him, but their work proved
to be of no good, for bright and early
Wednesday morning Allen applied at
the jail for admission, which was read-
ily granted by Mr. Wise. We learn
that Allen did not intend to run away,
but thought a stroll into the country
would be good for his health. His
penalty was a month's labor on the
streets.

Another hop came off at the Hart-
ford House last Friday night. The
attendance was not so large as at the
one the Friday night before, but nev-
ertheless the attendance was large
enough to make the occasion a pleasant
one. The first set was called by G. B.
Williams, at 7 1/2 o'clock, with eight
couples on the floor. The graceful
forms of Hartford's fair sex went trip-
ping across the floor in high glee, and
were only sorry to hear the announce-
ment of the last set. These are the
names of the lady dancers, but being
unable to learn their escorts, we will
have to omit their names:

Miss Juliett Hardwick, Miss Katie
Hardwick, Miss Alice Jarboe, Miss
Lou Bennett, Miss Manie Williams,
Miss Carrie Rowe, Miss Lizzie Walker,
Miss Eva Griffin, Miss Mattie Berry,
Miss Alice Leach and Mrs. Mollie
Thomas.

There was a good crowd of specta-
tors, as usual, many of whom seemed
very desirous of participating.

Yesterday morning we received the
surprising announcement of the mar-
riage of our young and gay friend,
Mr. E. P. Thomas, to our fair and
highly esteemed friend, Miss Carrie
Jarboe. We have oftentimes been agree-
ably surprised, but this intelligence
was the greatest of them all. Mr.
Thomas is one of the most promising
young men of Hartford, sober, in-
dustrious, gentlemanly in his manner
with all, and is a sociable gentleman
in conversation, always having a pleas-
ant word for everyone, while the bride
is a particular favorite with everyone,
and bears acquaintance. She is lady-
like in her manners, and wins the love
and good wishes of all. They were
united in the holy bonds of wedlock at
half-past 12 o'clock yesterday, when
they took their departure for Owens-
boro, where they will remain but a
short time. Their attendants were
Miss Carrie Rowe, of this place, and
Mr. Geo. H. Cox, of Owensboro. Mr.
Thomas and bride will return to this
place in a short time, where he
will conduct her to a cozy little home.

The marriage ceremony was pro-
nounced by Rev. W. W. Cook. We
extend to you a hearty welcome, Peter,
and love the lives of you and your
better-half may be long ones and of
unbounded pleasure.

Marriage Licenses.
The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:

David W. Kimball and Miss Mary
E. Caschier.
Milton Boyd and Miss Louisa
Wilson.

G. L. Bartlett and Miss Sarah Belle
Christian.
P. A. Swain and Miss Wilhelmina
Angela.

Jacob Chancellor and Miss Nancy
E. Roberts.

A very neat and chaste marbleized
tombstone has been ordered by Samuel
Spear, to be placed over the grave of
his old master, Elisha Green, who died a
few weeks ago in Baker county, Florida.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following transfers of real estate
have been lodged for record since our last
report, viz:

E. W. Davis to J. W. Cook, house
and lot in Rockport, \$175.

W. Tinsley to N. P. Robertson, lot
29 in Rockport, \$250.

O. P. Kerby to John A. Porter, 78
acres on Huff's creek, \$500.

Hardin Haynes to Tharp & Black,
188 acres on South Panther, \$3,100.

John W. Smith to Wm. L. Am-
brose, 277 acres on Rough creek,
\$2,800.

John P. Rowe to Charles Yoham's
heirs, 66 acres on Lewis creek, \$500.

Jarred Tichenor's heirs by commis-
sioner Baird to Frank Tichenor, lot
No. 7 in division of land.

Commissioner C. J. Lawton to Thad-
deus Barnard, 779 acres on Green
river, \$4,766 29.

McDowell Medical Society.

At Henderson, on the first Tuesday
and Wednesday in December next,
this society will hold a meeting. Each
member of the society is earnestly in-
vited to attend, also a cordial invita-
tion is extended to all medical men in
the district to be present on the occa-
sion. We expect a full attendance,
and an interesting meeting.

P. THOMPSON, Pres.
J. W. FITCHETT, Cor. Sect.
Madisonville, Ky., Nov. 15th, 1875.

Sentence of Prisoners.

The present term of the Ohio Cir-
cuit Court will be long remembered as
a session of general jail delivery. On
Friday last the court directed the pris-
oners who had been found guilty of
felony to be brought into court. The
jailer soon appeared with George E.
Chinn, John A. McHenry and Ed.
Silcox. Judge Stuart, in a few fly-
chosen words, sentenced McHenry and
Silcox to confinement in the peniten-
tiary, both having plead guilty, the
former for one year, and the latter for
two years. He addressed the convict,
Geo. E. Chinn, as follows: Chinn, you
were indicted by the grand jury of
Ohio county for the crime of horse-
stealing. You waived formal arraignment,
and after a long and patient en-
durance, the jury returned a verdict of
guilty; and it now becomes my duty
to ask you if you have anything to say
why sentence should not be passed up-
on you.—Chinn, I have instructed my
counsel to apply for a new trial.—The
Court—you would not be heard except
upon the question for an arrest of
judgment. There being no such ques-
tion presented, it is the sentence of
this court that you be taken to the
common jail of the county, and be
thence conveyed to the penitentiary of
this Commonwealth, there to be con-
fined for a period of four years at hard
labor. I have made inquiry, and learn
that your family has been of long and
reputable standing in the community,
and regret exceedingly that you are
placed in your present position. I
should not have granted a new trial
had one been asked. The circum-
stances which surround your conviction
were at least persuasive, and the jury
could do no less than have returned
the verdict which was returned after a
laborious examination, and after an
extraordinary able argument of your
counsel. Mr. Jailer, you will take
charge of the prisoner, and await the
appearance of the sheriff with the prop-
er judgment of this court.

LETTER FROM CANEYVILLE.

CANEYVILLE, KY., Nov. 15.

EDITOR HERALD.—Z. F. Carson, of
the firm of Neal & Co., Louisville,
was in town Friday on business con-
nected with that house.

The average boy of Caneyville is
saving up all his dimes and nickles to
lay out in Chinese fire crackers to ce-
lebrate the fast approaching Christ-
mas.

The last death that occurred in town
was that of Croquet last Monday. The
funeral ceremonies were performed in
efficient style by our worthy saddler,
H. U. Eskridge.

C. F. Kennedy, a young man of this
place, went to Leitchfield last Thurs-
day on the 6:30 a. m. train, and return-
ed on the 1:10 p. m. train with Miss
Mollie Dennison for his bride.

We spent three weeks on a flowery
wedding notice for our Southern Ex-
press Agent, J. Rose Bond, expecting
him to marry as soon as his new house
was complete; but, contrary to our ex-
pectations, on its being finished last
week, he rented it to our telegraphic
operator, M. J. Shaffer. Such is the
life of a quill driver.

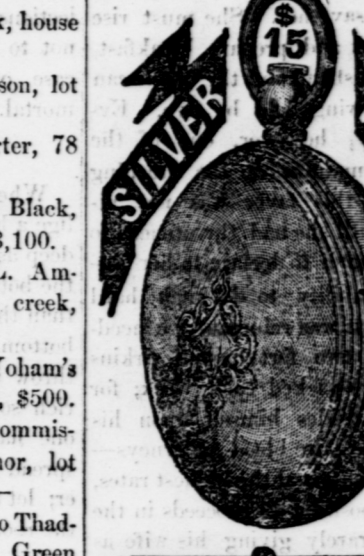
We are informed Rev. R. G. Gard-
ner, of Hartford, delivered both a pri-
vate and a public lecture on Masonry
at Short creek, seven miles North of
this place, last Thursday.

Corn gathering is in order in this
vicinity, and the crop is found to be a
great deal better than was expected.

While standing on the depot plat-
form last Thursday, with our hands
stuffed in our trousers, waiting and

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.

Exact Size of Our \$15 Watches



W. L. WIND, ANY WATCH.

PRICE 50c.

C. P. BARNES & BROS., Jewelers,
(by Mail, Main st., 6th & 7th Louisville, Ky.)

watching for something to turn up for
an item for the HERALD, our attention
was directed to two young men watch-
ing the train men unload a car. We
caught the following conversation con-
cerning a sorghum evaporator, which
was in the car: "Sam where do you
suppose that billiard table goes to?"
"Don't know, Johnnie, but it's a fine
one, indeed!" At this part of the
conversation the conductor gave the
door of the car a push, shutting it. Sam
was a professor of a school and Johnnie
was his pupil, so they both trotted off
to the school house no wiser than be-
fore.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

SEDGWICK CITY, KANSAS,
Nov. 22d, 1875.

EDITOR HERALD:—I shall again
pen you a few lines concerning south-
western Kansas. The character of
this country is a fine rolling prairie—
frequently varied by the bottom and
valley lands of the creeks and rivers.

The wide bottoms of the Arkansas, and
those of the little Arkansas, and the
uplands, with their long, generally, al-
most imperceptible slopes as they sweep
down the Doyle, to the branches of the
Whitewater and the Cottonwood, to
Sand creek, down to the tributaries of
the two Arkansas, and down their own
rich bottoms. It may well be said,
that all these present a most interest-
ing view to the farmer's eye. This
beautiful valley, heretofore but little
known on account of its great distance
from market or commercial thorough-
fares, is now, since the railroad was
built through it, drawing the attention
of the whole country, and its wide bot-
toms and rich rolling and sloping up-
lands are proving so productive as they
are attractive. The fertility of soil can-
not be surpassed, consisting of a large
proportion of thoroughly drained valley
land, producing beautiful crops of all
the grains and fruits of the temperate
zone.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe
R. R., is completed to Pueblo, connect-
ing with the Rocky Mountain system
of railroads, and, as Kansas is the
nearest agricultural State, her products
will find a ready and profitable market
in the extensive mineral regions devel-
oped by the extension of the road.
Coal is found immediately on the line
of the road, and the extension to
Pueblo, will bring us in communica-
tion with the most extensive and valu-
able coal fields in America.

G. W. BEAUCHAMP.

Mrs. Vaughn, the landlady of the
popular Crow House, again places the
HERALD corps under obligations for a
magnificent lunch, served in splendid
style on Tuesday night, to which ample
justice was done, and new life infused
into the weary printer as he toiled far
into the small hours of the night.

THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Bird Hunting.

The season of bird hunting is at hand. Sportsmen are, doubtless, preparing for the fall campaign. This is a subject about which farmers have felt some concern for years. And, at the present, it is quite a perplexing question. The way these men at present conduct this sport, it is fast nearing a point when something will have to be done to protect farmers against their raids. They usually enter farms when and where they please, shoot where they please and run over crops in any manner they please. The farmer may have a fiery horse in harness near by, or he may have sickness in the family, but even under such circumstances as these the request to go farther away with their noise, it is often met by an angry rejoinder or bitter oaths, that farmers usually make up their minds to bear the annoyance, inconvenience, or injury, as the case may be (and it is sometimes all of these), rather than risk provoking a difficulty. Often gates are left open, fences thrown down, stock frightened and scattered, and sometimes sprinkled with shot.

These men are known to be so reckless in their shooting, that ladies are often afraid to step out of their houses while they are about. It is readily granted that all bird-hunters do not act in this way, but the exceptions are few, and while this practice remains as it is, farmers can never be secure from such annoyances.

But there is another phase to this subject more important to farmers than the one we have been considering. These birds, and not their destroyers, are the farmers' friends. They devour the worms and bugs that prey upon the crops in the spring, and, when we consider that one quail will destroy several hundred of these insects in a single season, it is difficult to estimate the damage done to the crops by suffering these men to carry off, as is frequently the case, hundreds from a single farm. Insects are much more destructive to crops now than they were a few years ago, and is not this owing to the fact that these birds, which live almost exclusively upon these insects in the spring season, have been killed? Farmers may learn, when too late, the value of these farm birds.

But what is the remedy? If desired, how is this thing to be stopped? Perhaps one says, "The farmer has the right to control his farm just the same as any other property. He ought to have such a right. But if he has, he cannot exercise it. If a man uses his horse without my permission the law will punish him for it; but if a man should take liberties upon my farm, by which he injures me, what will be done?" "Why," says one, "sue him for damage." So I could; and that is all that can be done. But before such a suit could even be commenced, in many cases, the trespassing party would be fifty or a hundred miles away, and, if found, in nine cases out of ten, the result of such a suit would be like attempting to draw blood out of a turnip. We have no law that will avail the farmer anything in such a case. We need special legislation upon this subject. The evil bids fair to become insufferable, so that farmers must needs some protection.—*Owensboro Examiner.*

How Farmers' Wives Break Down.

A woman tells this story to the Boston *Cultivator*, and many can testify to their own knowledge that it is very sadly true: "I can get forty women to marry me within fifty miles of the village," said a man to me the other day, "but I can't find a woman anywhere to help my wife, and she is breaking down every day." Yes, breaking down! Can anyone look into her ashy white face, and not read the story written there of hard work, in season and out of season? She has four little girls—the eldest six years, and the youngest three months. Her husband keeps six cows and cultivates a farm of a hundred acres, employing two hired men to aid him. Three meals must be cooked daily for a family of seven, not counting the baby; four children dressed and cared for; the milk of six cows attended to; and butter made, while the weekly washing and ironing must be done in some way. From four o'clock in the morning until ten and sometimes eleven at night, one pair of hands and one pair of feet perform this labor, and now the tired body rebels and says: "This cannot be endured."

Let me tell you of another case. The farmer and his wife have three

children, all under eight years. He employs two hired men, boarding them, and keeps eleven cows. A woman comes to do the washing and ironing, but this is all the assistance the wife receives, except the few steps her children can save her. She must rise at four o'clock and prepare breakfast, so that her husband and the hands can be in the mowing field by five. Every other day, however, one of the hired men remain to do the churning for her; but this favor was not allowed her until she had threatened to call in the doctor to declare to her husband her inability to do such hard work. Then it was reluctantly conceded, although two forty-pound firkins of butter were packed each week; for our farmer prides himself upon his herd of cows—pure blood Alderneys—and sells his butter at the highest rates, carefully depositing its proceeds in the bank, and rarely giving his wife as much as a five dollar bill of it. His last injunction, as he departs to the field is, "John, come as quick as you can. Don't let Mrs. M. keep you for anything else. May can't wait for woman's work." There are dishes to wash, milk to skim, pans to scald, beds to make, children to dress, baby to nurse, rooms to sweep and dinner to cook over the boiling hot stove—and one woman to do it all!

Good Advice to Farmers.

The following good advice is from an address delivered before the Bucks County (Pa.) Agricultural Society by Thomas Shellercock:

Economical farming implies several conditions. We must raise greater crops per acre. It takes no longer to cultivate a good crop than a poor one. We must have the most improved implements; machinery is cheaper than labor. A man with a corn-plow can do double the work he could do with a cultivator, and do it better. A good washing-machine materially lightens the case of the household. The sewing-machine might be a great labor saving machine; but since its introduction, there are so many useless seams made that the labors of the women do not seem to be made any lighter. I remember once seeing a garment with nineteen tucks.

There is no economy in purchasing half-worn implements. They will be continually out of order. The first wear is always the best. Pay as you go. A man with cash in hand can always purchase to much better advantage than he who expects a credit. I have seen corn bring \$1.10 per bushel on a credit of nine months, when the market price was only eighty-five cents.

The farmer must keep well posted. It is a great matter of economy that he be well supplied with papers and magazines. Not only his county paper, which tells him of affairs about home; but also one of the great dailies, which lets him look right out into the world. At least one of the journals devoted to agriculture should find access to his home. One or two hints picked up through the year will amply repay the cost of subscription.

There is economy in giving the children a good education. We know too little of why and wherefore connected with our calling. We work too much in the dark. To get the best possible results from our land and fertilizers how important that we should understand their constituents and their adaptability to certain crops. As soon as by improved intellectual power man begins to discover and apply the laws of Nature, a vast accession is made to the power of human productiveness. If this be so, we see how groundless is the opinion that education and science are without practical benefit, and that philosophers and students are merely a useless burden on the community, since it is knowledge and its application which has given us all the advantages which we possess over savages.

Indigestion in Horses.

M. Pety, a French veterinary surgeon, draws attention to the liability of horses and cattle suffering from indigestion from the consumption of forage in a humid or musty state. It is from over-feeding this complaint is ordinarily produced, or to the too rapid transition from dry, to unlimited green food. Another very common cause is the putting of animals to work immediately after their feed. The giving of chaff and the refuse of the threshing machine is also another principal source, as well as excessively cold water, and, above all, allowing the animal to drink the water of marshes. A little salt or handful of meal is excellent in the drinks. Old animals ought never to be given too much food at once, and it should ever be mixed with a little straw. When the horse shows symptoms of indigestion, restless, suddenly refusing food, resting on one leg, then on another, the head drooping and seeking the left flank, its excrements either hard or liquid, etc., an

excitant, as three ounces of kitchen salt or a glass of gin in a bottle of water, will afford relief; or an infusion of chamomile and sage. In case pain exists, two spoonfuls of laudanum will prove excellent. Of course, soap injections, friction and fumigation, are not to be overlooked. Bleeding, in case of grain indigestion, becomes mortal.

How to Plant a Tree.

When planting don't dig a whole like a bowl cistern, but dig it just as deep as the soil is, and no deeper; make the bottom of it one-third larger around than the top, and loosen up the very bottom. Then as the tree is planted, throw in first an inch of good, fresh, rich soil; set the tree, holding it with one hand while on your knees you spread its roots carefully with the other; let the assistant drop the dirt upon the roots as he would if he had a sieve, and as it is dropped in, do you who hold the tree upon your bended knee work every root carefully out straight on a level line with the point of the junction of it with the main stem, use the fingers outspread in mingling the fine dirt with the roots, and be careful that not an air space is left at the bottoms, and also that the earth upon the lower roots is packed the hardest or tightest of any. As you reach the upper roots only see that each root is surely surrounded with earth, and then let the last four inches of earth be sprinkled on with a spade or shovel, without pressure of foot or anything else, don't even flat it with the shovel, and be sure and keep your own and Paddy's feet off, for every pressure will destroy the natural position of the roots below.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Build Good Barns.

A writer in the *Dutchess Farmer*, among other things concerning the advantages of having good barns, remarks that he believes it is safe to say, that money invested in well constructed barns pays from twenty to fifty per cent. every year, and that all will agree to the statement when we take into consideration the full advantages. The time taken to build platforms and fence stacks every year; the increased expenses of doing haying; the ten per cent. in the loss of hay; the half-ton lost in wintering every ox or cow, and in the same proportion as we feed younger and smaller stock; the increased cost of doing chores; while in having stock fixings constantly in your way you avoid the continual exposure of your stock to all the wind and storms, for all are liable to great damage, while being built or fed out.

By providing suitable barns and stables, one can avoid all these losses, cares and troubles, and feel confident security as every load of hay is committed to their keeping, and every animal is thriving under their kind protection during the cold winter.

Save Your Coal Ashes.

Too often it has been said that there is no good in coal ashes, but chemical examination gives them the power of absorption almost equal to charcoal; and if, when taken from the stove or grate, they are mingled with the chamber lye of the house and with the soap wash from the kitchen, they are found valuable as absorbents of fertilizing ingredients. Applied after so absorbing the liquids from the above named, they are dug in around young trees or spread upon the grass around, or used as manure for the garden in the culture of early carrots, beets, radishes, etc., or as a top of dressing over the potato onion, say in the month of February or March, the advantage will be appreciated by the grower.

Saving Seed Corn.

In gathering corn, take such ears only as are finest from the most prolific stalks. Never take from a stalk having but one ear, if large and thrifty stalks can be found with two or more good-sized ears. Generally but one of them is fit for seed, and that usually the second from the ground; but if the lowest is the best, take that. Always take the ears that are filled out to the end, and that run beyond the husk, if such can be found. When you come to plant, before shelling, break every ear, and see if the pith of the cob is dried up, for, if it is not, the corn is not ripe.

Farmers, give your sons an interest in your business, or remunerate them in some way for their work. Educate them to use their own judgment in buying and selling farm produce and stock. Don't tyrannize over them, but rather treat them as companions, and encourage them to have confidence in you. Make home pleasant by means of books, music and rational recreation. By doing this you will render farm life pleasant and attractive to them, and do much to stop the longing for city life now so common among farmer's sons.

Master A. B. Smedley, of the Iowa State grange, says: "When I see a man of reasonable intelligence attend his Grange for years and listen to most interesting discussions on fruit culture and tree planting, and then visit his place and not find as much as a currant bush and not a tree to break the cold winter wind, I feel as though I wanted to import from South America a small earthquake to stir him out of the old ruts and make him adopt a more advanced method."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.

VEAL AND HAM SANDWICHES.—Sandwiches are good made of veal and knuckle of ham, simmered a long time in a very little water, until perfectly tender, then freed from the bone and chopped together. Spread the mixture like butter, add mustard, and cover with another piece of bread, lightly buttered as for an ordinary sandwich.

CLEANSING KETTLES.—We throw a shovel-full of wood ashes into the pan, pot or kettle, which has been burned, fill with water, let it boil while the dishes are being washed; then all we have to do is to wash it out with a coarse cloth. A great saving of time, finger-nails, spoons and temper.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—One quart of sour buttermilk, one teacupful of sour cream, two eggs, one tablespoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make as thick as pound cake. Bake in muffin rings placed upon tins in the oven, for twenty to thirty minutes, according to the temperature of the stove.

VEGETABLE MARROW SOUP.—One quart of milk, one and three-quarters pounds of vegetable marrow, two large onions, pepper and salt to suit taste. Boil till the marrow is quite soft, and then pass through a sieve. Add half a glass of sherry before serving.

BUTTER CAKES.—Take one-half a tin-cupful of melted butter, two cupfuls of sugar, five eggs, one teacupful of soda, and flour enough to roll. Cut with a cake-cutter and put in a dripping-pan. Bake in a pretty quick oven.

A young man, named Robinson, procured a license a few days since at Morgantown, Union county, to sanction his marriage with a Miss Scott, but died that night, of congestive chill, before the marriage was consummated.

Rev. Green Clay Smith has tendered his resignation as Grand Worthy Chief Templar of Kentucky, on account of ill-health. As Gen. Smith has recovered from his late severe attack, it is to be hoped he will withdraw his resignation.

Old minds are like old horses; you must exercise them if you would keep them in working order.—*John Adams*

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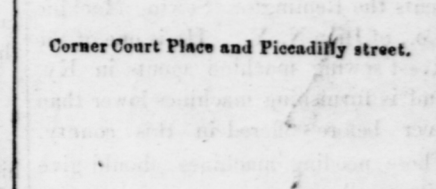
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